

A  
Satyrical Epistle  
TO THE  
FEMALE AUTHOR  
OF A  
POEM,  
CALL'D  
SILVIA'S REVENGE, &c.

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By the AUTHOR of the SATYR against Woman.

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Mil. Par. Loft.  
— *Revenge at first, tho' sweet,*  
*Bitter, e're long, back on it self recoils.*

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L O N D O N:

Printed for R. Bentley, at the Post-House in Ruffel-  
street in Covent-Garden, near the Piazza's.  
MDC XCI.

A

Satirical Epistle

TO THE  
FEMALE AUTHOR

POEM

SILVIA'S REVENGE, &c.

By the AUTHOR of the SATYR against Woman.

Printed at the Press of the Author, in Pall-mall.  
Bitter, ere long, shall on a just revenge  
Be long, ere long, shall on a just revenge

Printed for R. Bentley, at the Poll-house in Pall-mall.  
West and Strand, near the Piazza.  
MDCCLXXI.

# Satyrical Epistle

## TO THE FEMALE AUTHOR OF A POEM

### CALL'D SILVIA'S REVENGE, &c.

**Y**ES, Dame, tis so; *Satyr* shall scourge the Age,  
 While there is Subject to maintain her Rage,  
 And that, no doubt, there will for ever be;  
 At least, as long as we are plagu'd with thee.  
 Thou ill Defendress of a Cause as ill,  
 Rashly led on by that *Blind Guide*, thy Will;

In Ink thy fulsom Pen why didst thou foul,  
 Unless to show the Blackness of thy Soul:  
 Which thou hast prov'd (so well y'ave ply'd the Task)  
 Of the same *Fiend-Complexion*, as thy Mask:  
 Markt for the Stryan Colony below,  
 It here does Practise what 'tis there to do:  
 All you have Writ does shew y'are thence inspir'd,  
 And only there can hope to be admir'd,  
 For Men detest thee; nay, so far y'ave gone,  
 Y'ave pull'd the Womens Indignation on,  
 And Reason too—as we will shew anon.

Of all thy Sex thou art the most unfit  
 To Vindicate their *Virtues*, or their *Wit*,  
 For in the rest, some Sparks of Worth may shine,  
 And from their Breasts put forth a *Gleam Divine*,  
 But they for ever are extinct in thine,  
 In thee the Sun of Virtue's set, and lies  
 Eclips'd in loose Desires, no more to rise,  
 And with its Maiden Glories, gild the Blushing Skies.

*Ephelia,*



*Ephelia*, poor *Ephella*, Ragged Jilt,  
 And *Sapho*, Famous for her Gout and Guilt,  
 Either of these, tho' both Debaucht and Vile,  
 Had answer'd me in a more Decent Style;  
 Yet *Hackny Writers*; when their Verse did fail  
 To get 'em Brandy, Bread and Cheese, and Ale,  
 Their Wants by Prostitution were supply'd,  
 Shew but a *Tester*, you might up and Ride;  
 For *Punk* and *Poesie* agree so pat,  
 You cannot well be *this*, and not be *that*:  
 Than thou, even these had better Conduct shown,  
 Preserv'd their Sexes Fame, and half retriev'd their own.

Shew me one Page, of all the goodly Store,  
 That's free from words like these; *Jilt*, *Strumpet*, *Where*,  
*Hag*, *Hot-House*, *Fluxing*, *Leach'ry*, *Emp'ricks Bills*,  
*Claps*, *Cully*, *Keeper*, *Pox* and *Pocky Pills*;  
 Things that wou'd shock the Modest Matron's Ear,  
 And make her blush to think a Female fixt 'em there.

But what are those you *Hag* and *Harlot* name?  
 Women! what the destructive *Bawd*? the same;  
 What *Drabs* and *Guzzeling Gossips*? Women still!  
 Why dost thou tell us they cou'd be so Ill?  
 Methinks I hear the *Hebrew Nymphs* again,  
 When two Great *Hero's* Deeds employ'd their strain,  
 Thy *Thousands* thou, thou hast *ten Thousands Slain*!  
 A *Thousand Crimes* I nam'd (and more conceal'd)  
 But by *Ten Thousands* they're by thee reveal'd!  
 But say it all were true (truth 'tis we know)  
 'Twas, sure, unkind in you to blaze it so;  
 You on such *Failings* shou'd have drawn their *Vails*,  
 And not obscenely shew'd their *Cloven-feet* and *Tails*:  
 Vices enow in Mankind there appears,  
 Enough to Exercise thy *Rage* for years,  
 What need, so lavishly, exposing theirs?

Compar'd to thee, I'm careful of their *Fame*:  
 But sure thou only *Scribblest* for a *Name*;

And

And, since thou art fond of it, thy Name shall live,  
 What you can't give yourself, my pointed Lines shall give:  
 Above all things call'd Shame, thou shalt be sham'd,  
 For thy loose Life so Infamously Fam'd,  
 Ev'n Bawds, thro' all their Brags, shall Blush to hear thee  
 (Nam'd.

Wretched is She that dares to be thy Friend;  
 But far more Wretched She that you commend;  
 For though She might for Modest pass before,  
 Thy Praise wou'd Transubstantiate her to Whore:  
 Thus, tho' thou shou'd'st mean well, 'twou'd never take,  
 Virtue it self wou'd suffer for thy sake,  
 To be her *Votary* thought, thou art so Evil,  
 Wou'd, *tho' a Goddess*, make her look like Devil.

*Silvia's Revenge*, d'ye say? indeed 'tis like,  
 Revenge will strike our own Fame, rather than not strike:  
 For take this sharp-nail'd Truth, to scratch thy Itch,  
 The *Silvia* you extol so, was a B——

A Coquet Airy, Impudent and Vain,  
 Made up of too much Love, or over-much Disdain;  
 Restless her Temper, Frantick her Desire,  
 Either all Ice, or all o'er flaming Fire,  
 Either she'd Freeze, or Butn, no Mean betwixt,  
 But all Extreme; to no one point e're fixt,  
 This Hour was *Heav'n*, and worse than *Hell* the next;  
 Perjur'd from Head to Foot, one Blot all o'er  
 Of Sin, and quite round Rotten to the Core:  
 She, and all such, I justly reprehend,  
 Thee, and all such unjustly you defend:  
 How dar'st thou to appear thus in a Cause  
 So opposite to Heav'n and Humane Laws?  
 It speaks thee plainly her lewd Sister Twin,  
 In Sense as shallow, and as deep in Sin,  
 And perhaps deeper; as the World may find,  
 In that part of *Iambick* yet behind.

In all my Rage and most Inveterate Fit,  
 When Spleen had got the Mastery of Wit,  
 I ne're said *Maidenheads* were *Nothing* yet; } *Tho'*

Thou, without Blush, thus far with thee we joyn,  
 They are meer *Nothing's* all, if all like *Thiney* not  
 In thee alone the bold Assertion's good, that ad of  
 Lust was so soon Incorporate with thy Blood, that  
 At Ten Years Age the singling Inch began, which  
 In Streams away thy *Liquid Virgin* ran, segued off  
 Dissolv'd ev'n but by thinking upon Man, and not  
 And if the Thought cou'd so much Guilt contract,  
 What wer't thou when that Thought was put in Act?  
 Infatiate, ev'n *Messalina* cou'd touch every skil'd  
 Sooner have laid the Devil in her Blood, till  
 But is not the Fair Sex behold'n much when  
 To thee, on that nice point, their Fame to touch?  
*Virginity*, that Angel State, wherein  
 To live, almost is to live free from Sin, And  
 If we can be contented with the State, that Young  
 Nor Gudgeon-like, but at the Specious Bait, which  
 But for that Charm, who is it that would care, O  
 Meer Lust excepted, to approach the Fair? and

and T

C

Why



Why are we fond, why loving, and Adore,  
 But to have something longer than before,  
 To be the first that Crops the Virgin Flower,  
 Just in the Critical and Blissful hour,  
 When the strong watchful Guard resign their Power,  
 No longer by strict Honour kept in awe,  
 But side with Nature's more scrupulous Law,  
 When in the Blushing Virgins kindling Eyes  
 We see a Lovely Ore, and Guilty Sweetness rise,  
 While every Touch does raise her Ardour higher,  
 Till she's all over nothing but Desire;  
 When, pregnant with a thousand Nameless Charms,  
 She Dies away, and Sinks into your Arms,  
 Then Grasps, Breathes short, her Glowing Eye-Balls raw,  
 And a Convulsive Rapture seizes on her Soul!  
 The Youth, by this, to the same pitch enflam'd,  
 Here thrusts one bar what sacred need not be nam'd.  
 O Transport! Killing Transport! Racking Bliss!  
 And is it Nothing that can cause all this?

Then, *Sacred Nothing*, let me cease to be  
 That ~~Something~~ that I am, rather than banish thee,  
 Rather than not, sometimes, have the Delight  
 To dive for Thee into thy Realm of Night,  
 To break thy Shell, and bid thee take thy Everlasting  
 The very thought we have had thee gives us rest, (Flight  
 And builds a Halcyon Calm in the kind husbands Breast,  
 It gives ev'n Marriage a Delicious taste,  
 And is the Oyl that makes those Colours last:  
 Who e're does tye that Miserable Knot,  
 And thinking sure to find thee, finds thee not,  
 Words are too poor to paint his more than cursed Lot:  
 For she that let her Tail to Fire before,  
 Has now a Specious Mask to gild the Whore;  
 Whose good things unvail'd, will with a Vail do more:  
 But she that brings it to the *Nuptial Bower*,  
 She that preserves it Sacked to that Hour,  
 To keep it so preserv'd has double Power:  
 And what in *Milds Virginity* we name,  
 In Chast and Faithful Wives does ripen into Fame.

While thou, Accurst, Created for our harm  
 Could'st never find this lucky hour to Charm  
 Thou ne're wert capable to give Delight  
 Thy Love was Lust, as now thy Anger's Spite  
 When thou wert young and for a Change might please  
 Some Fop that did not fear the Foul Disease  
 We never heard of thee in Lines like these  
 Then 'twas *Aminon*, *Strephon*, gentle Swain  
 And Songs, writ in a Melancholy Strain,  
 Made known thy want of Scallion thro' the Plain  
 The Brawny Porter that best nigh't the Bar  
 Was form'd, thou said'st, by Heav'n to ease thy Care:  
 In Truth, nor Youth, nor Wit, no Charm you thought,  
 But strength of Back was all, and that you bought  
 (Curst, the mean while, be he, lewd, to be sad)  
 That by that Slimy Drudgery gets his Bread  
 Thus with a lumpish Ainess, too dull  
 To move Good Men, you prey'd on Knave and Fool:  
 Now

Now Ball-Brew'd Time has Hagg'd thee into Age,  
 Thy Swains have left to Pipe, and thou, in Rage,  
 Has brought the Broad-backt Brutes upon the Stage;  
 Telling the World, what thou need'ft not have told,  
 That they are very False, and thou a very Scold.  
 False, said I? but that no ill thing can be,  
 Perjury's no Fault when it relates to thee;  
 Ev'n in thy Youth, in all thy Glotting Prime,  
 Thou cou'd'ft not be Carefs'd without a Crime;  
 Who e're did gaze on thee, his Mistress, straight,  
 Did Brand him with the Name of Profligate;  
 The Man that stoopt to thee, cou'd never rise  
 Gracious in any other Female's Eyes:  
 What now then, when those borrow'd Charms are fail'd,  
 Which but with Fops and Monkey's e're prevail'd,  
 And all the Paint's washt off, and all is Fiend unvail'd?  
 Nor hast a Refuge left to Drudge for Life,  
 But turning *Bawd*, or that worse thing, a *Wife*;  
 A Wife! if any man so wild will be,  
 To leap that horrid Precipice for thee;

That Husband's Fate in Wedlock's hard to tell;  
 Others might bring him *Care*, but thou wou'd'st bring  
 (him *Helk*

Yet Man you Curse; and Woman, his Delight,  
 He must not see by day, nor touch by Night;  
 Why, cou'd you do your Sex a Plaguer's spite?  
 But most thy self; all that have Eyes may see  
 That Curse wou'd fall most heavy upon thee:  
 Almost from *Five* to *Fifty* thou hast known  
 What Man was Carnally, nor lain alone  
 Without one, two, or more, but with Regret and Moan:  
 Purse without Money is a burning shame,  
 Bed and no Man in't, thou dost think the same:  
 Ev'n *Posture-Moll* her self, when thou art by,  
 Obscene! has some pretence to Modesty.  
 But mark th' Inconstancy of Womankind,  
 And the wild variations of their Mind:  
 She who but now (in this her Temper scan)  
 Did toil to make her Sex abandon Man,

Now



Now blames those Husbands that so dull can prove,  
 Drunk, to neglect the great Affair of Love! —  
 I find her fulsom Itch is not yet gone,  
 She loves by Drunkards to be Belcht upon:  
 What Modest Dame, that had a Spouse so ill,  
 Wou'd not much rather have him then be still?  
 A Drunkard is a Brute beneath our Curse,  
 But she, who then can fondle him, is worse;  
 Swine as he is, cou'd he but Mount and Ride,  
 Thy Poem with his Praise had been supply'd:  
 As Wine's *Provocative*, you like it well,  
 But as it spoils *Performance*, hate it more than *Hell*;  
 So not meer Drink it self caus'd thy disgust,  
 But that it does unnerve desire, and baulk expecting Lust.

O *Female Innocence*! — but since I'm in,  
 What is't by *Female Innocence* you mean?  
 A Wife, it seems—who'd think it cou'd have been?  
 If (as it oft haps in the space of Life)  
 We of Sir Spouse shou'd ask for Dame his Wife,

How, Comical 'twou'd look, thus to begin?  
 Pray—is your *Female Innocence* within?  
 Who's that, he cries?—Your Wife—the Devil, says he,  
 Shall as soon pass for *Innocent* with me;  
 A Wife an *Innocent*—then Bawds are Chast,  
 Hags, grim as Death, are with all Beauty grac'd  
 Coquets not vain, a thrice Flux'd Actress just,  
 And Monarchs Shining Strumpets free from Pride and  
 (Lust.

But thou, who, in a Loose and Frontless Strain,  
 Virtue and Virtuous Women dost Prophane,  
 Blush first, then hear thy Injur'd Sex Complain;  
 For one, for all, I see come from the throng,  
 In Shape an Angel, and her Heav'nly Tongue,  
 Her Speech to thee directed, thus redeems her wrong.

Shame of our Sex, what Rage cou'd thee Inspire  
 With such wild Flames, instead of Lambent Fire?  
 In Maiden Breasts no Lamp so fiercely burns,  
 But mild as those enclos'd in Vestal Virgins Urns.

Of things Ridiculous, I dare maintain  
 Nothing's more Sottish, Frivolous, and Vain,  
 Than to take Satyr ill, and think w<sup>e</sup> are gaul'd,  
 When we are not the obscene things w<sup>e</sup> are call'd.  
 If of *Ill Wives* he talks, what is't to me,  
 While I walk hand in hand with Modesty?  
 But She that does resent it, that *Ill Wife* is She:  
 And this may be laid down a *Standard Rule*,  
 To whom e're it relates, Punk, Pimp, or Fool,  
 What Fame to thy Defence then can accrue,  
 But that his *Satyr* sat too close on You,  
 And like strait Stays, made you unlace for Air?  
 Who sees a Pounded Beast, does know why it came there;  
 Sated with lawful Grass he leapt the bound:  
 O let us never quit that Fertile Ground,  
 Where virtuous Herbage springs and Honor rais'd the  
 Up from the Slave to those that wait on Kings,  
 His *Satyr* took her course with steady wings,  
 And from the Womb of Vice deliver'd monstrous  
 (things;

Such as for many Ages there lay hid,  
 And all, but the like piercing Eye, forbid  
 To see the Secrets of that dark Divan,  
 And quite unvail the inmost Mind of Man;  
 His Pride, Ambition, Rage, Intemperance, Lust,  
 And the hard Fate of him that dares be Just;  
 Now in an Age that does such Guilt reveal,  
 He's not reliev'd though he to Gods appeal.  
 Thou see'st 'twas hate of Vice, not Love to spite,  
 That sharp't his pointed Spleen and bid him write:  
 A Perjur'd Nymph abus'd him, broke his Rest,  
 When her, and all like her, he Banisht from his Breast:  
 Who dare accuse him for so just a Deed?  
 Or with such senseless Rigour can proceed  
 To blame him that preserves the Corn, by rooting out  
 (That Virtue he respects is understood, (the Weed?)  
 For who pulls down the Ill, in that does raise the Good.  
 Yet if thou wer'st resolv'd to write, to show  
 (Thy Parts, which don't distinguish Friend from Foe,

Why was't in Rhime? (but Rage all Sense devours)  
 That Scandal to their Sex, and worse to Ours:  
 'Tis not as formerly, when 'twas the use  
 For Verse t' instruct, as now 'tis to traduce;  
 As from thy own Example can't thou plead excuse?  
 Hast thou not heard what *Rochester* declares?  
 That Man of Men, for who with him compares,  
 Must be what e're the Graces can bestow  
 Upon their chiefest Favourite below:  
 He tells thee, *Whore's the like Reproachful Name,*  
 As *Poetres*—the luckless Twins of Shame.  
 Fly then those Seas, or look to be undone;  
 The Rock on which the *Argosie* does run  
 And find its Fate: *our weak-built Skiffs* thou'd shun.  
 'Tis not, I say, as when *Orinda* wrote,  
 With all the Grace and Majesty of thought;  
 So well proportion'd her soft strain appears,  
 She pleas'd our Eyes, not more than that our Ears,  
 Rapt we all stood, nor knew which to prefer,  
 Whether to Read her Verse, or gaze on Her!



## A Satyricall Epistle

She reapt the Harvest of Immortal Fame, (Name.  
 And who comes after can but have the Gleanings of a  
 Our Poesies chang'd from what, in her, 'twas then,  
 For Songs obscene fit not a Womans Pen,  
 Let's leave that Guilty Glory to the Men,  
 Nor *Satyr* is our Province, let 'em throw  
 Their Darts, while we are Chaste we ward the blow:  
 O let us not be Spokes beneath the Flower,  
 Nor ill, because we know 'tis in our Power,  
 But keep in thought, the last the scrutinizing hour;  
 For after Death a strict Account succeeds;  
 Our Idle Thoughts are punisht with our Evil Deeds.  
 In Virtuous Authors, Virtuous Thoughts we find,  
 For what is Written paints the Writer's Mind,  
 And partly points how all his Passions are inclin'd:  
 Thus thro' *Orinda's* Works does brightly shine,  
 A Spark that shows her Nature was Divine,  
 And alwaies on Sublime Idea's fixt,  
 Her Heavenly Thoughts with grosser things unmixt:

And

And thus what thou hast writ, in every Page,  
 Does shew a wild, fantastick, groundless Rage,  
 A mean Revenge, beneath a Woman's Pen;  
 How much then to be slighted by the Men?  
 Then thou dost talk of Love at such a rate,  
 As thou hast shew'd it, 'tis what we shou'd hate,  
 A Freakish, Hair-Brain'd, *Bess of Bedlam State*.  
 Love, the soft Seal, by which alone we find  
 Something of Angel stamp'd on Humankind!  
 While we, like Wax, to its Impression bow,  
 And find our Souls are mixt, we know not how!  
 While lifted high, above all sordid Fears,  
 W'are disencumber'd of our Clog of Cares;  
 Agreeing Minds does make more Musick than the  
 Thus like Translated Saints to Bliss we flee, (Spheres:  
 Rapt up to the *Third Heav'n of Extasie*!  
 This is the Fate that Constancy does prove,  
 And such, in its true Nature, is a guiltless Love:  
 But in thy Numbers 'tis a *Lapland Witch*,  
 Sailing thro' Air, astride, upon a Switch,

Mumbling of Wicked, but successless Charms,  
In vain, the Dart recoils, and she that threw it harms.  
How like a Fiend does *Ariadne* speak?  
Or how like thee? (no fitter Parallel we'll seek)  
In such Extravagant and Pettish starts,  
She'd sooner make our sides ache than our Hearts.  
Leave, leave thy Scribling Itch, and write no more,  
When you began 'twas time to give it o're:  
What has this Age produc'd from Female Pens,  
But a wide-boldness that outstrides the Mens?  
Succeeding Times will see the difference plain,  
(And wonder at a Style so loose and vain,  
And what should make the Women rise so high  
In love of Vice, and scorn of Modesty:  
For why art thou concern'd a Common Whore  
Shou'd be turn'd off, and Cully-kept no more?  
If by kept Jilts Men lose their Cash and time,  
And oft, alas! what is much more sublime,  
To leave 'em is one step t' attone the Crime:

Of Cashier'd Punks, so feelingly you speak;  
You have been serv'd, sure, some such slippery trick,  
And so by sad Experience (as you sing)  
Know but too much of it—a barbarous thing  
It seems a *Keeper's* not dislik'd by thee,  
That he is Faulty, but that he'll be Free  
From Faults, his Strumpets Insolence and Pride,  
And Lust, perhaps the *Foul Disease* beside.  
Thy Language all along is mean and vile;  
We see thy want of Manners in thy Style.  
Thy words are boist'rous, but their Sense is weak,  
Thou writ'st with the same Boldness Bullies speak;  
Coherence there is none; Thy *Genius* warms  
No more than now thy Face, at Fifty, Charms:  
To all a Nuisance, to thy self a Plague,  
And five year more makes thee a *Toothless Hag*;  
But I forbear thee; and may he forbear  
You write against, and not be too severe:  
If such Scurrillity you long pursue,  
No Creature e're will be so maul'd as you;

Thy

Thy Faults and Follies he'll to all make plain,  
 And in his Angry, Bold, *Satyrick Vein*,  
 Set a worse Mark on thee than God on Cain.  
 But may he spare thee—here she wou'd give o're:  
 And I will spare thee—for I'll say no more.

**F I N I S.**



